
Spiritual Fornication.

A BURLESQUE

P O E M

WHEREIN

The CASE of Miss *Cadiere* and Father
Girard are merrily Display'd.

(Price Six-pence.)

Spiritual Formication.

A BURLESQUE

P. O. F. M.

WHEREIN

The CASE of Miss Galloway and Father
Galloway's Displeasure.



(Price Six-pence.)

Spiritual Fornication. (3)

A BURLESQUE

P O E M.

WHEREIN

The CASE of Miss *Cadiere* and Father
Girard are merrily Display'd.

In Three C A N T O's.

*Priests, whether Jesuits or Fryars,
Are Pious Cheats, Religious Lyars;
Who use their Punction as a Gin,
To catch unwary Maidens in.*

By JEREMY JINGLE, Esq;



L O N D O N :

Printed for H. COOKE, in Fleetstreet.

MDCCXXXII.

Spiritual Fornication.

A. BURLEIGH

ME O P

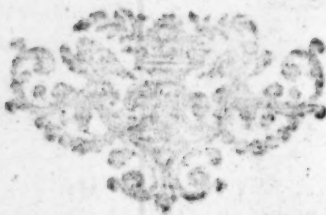
W E S A I R W

The CASE of Miss Cleave and Father
Grove are monthly Dismissed.

Three C A N T O S.

To each young Maiden in
 Who is this Emblem as a Gift
 The Pious Obedient Religious Light
 Bright, radiant Justice or Tyrant.

By JEREMY JINGLES, Esq;



Л О Д И Н

Printed for H. C. O. in New York.

MDCCLXXII



Ecclesiastick LECHERY.

CANTO I.

*How pious Girard casts about
In plodding Noddle to find out,
How best he may assuage his Flame,
With what good People call That Same.
Cadiere's the Object of his Lust,
And none but she now suits his Gust:
To maturate the growing Evil,
He summons Hell, and plays the Devil.*



Physicians hold Evacuation
Is very proper on Occasion,
For when the Blood ferments
amain,
Fevers ensue with scorching
Pain,
And if no Aid be brought, d'ye see,
Death gains an easy Victory.

B

This

This *pious GIRARD*, Jesuit true
As ever pil's'd, or trod in Shooe,
Revolving often in his Mind,
And not as yet to die inclin'd,
Resolv'd to bilk the ghastly Tyrant,
(For he had fix'd his whole Desire on't,)
And lest he might be overtaken,
Would use the Means to save his Bacon.

As *Helen's* bright resplendent Charms
Thro' th' *Eastern* World rung loud Alarms,
So Miss *Cadiere's* angelick Beauty,
Her Piety and filial Duty,
(Virtues scarce seen among the Fair,
Except an odd one here and there,)
Set half the *Gallick* Youth on fire,
Some lov'd, some burn'd with hot Desire.

Among the last, in hopes to win her,
Was that sly, hypocritick Sinner,
That compound of a goatish Lecher,
And a most edifying Preacher;
Girard 'yclyp'd, like him could no Man,
Seduce a young, unwary Woman.
Well vers'd was he in Love's Affair,
And made a Stalking-Horse of Pray'r;
Yet so well mimick'd the Divine,
Who could suspect his black Design?

This

This *pious Cheat*, robust and jolly,
 Scarce fix'd his wanton Eyes on *Polly*;
 But his Mouth water'd for a Kiss,
 As earnest of a future Bliss.
 And now, in order to possess her,
 He's soon appointed her Confessor;
 His Sanctity he lays aside,
 For o'er the Spirit Lust does ride;
 And Men, we know, of his Profession,
 Make Women often want Confession:
 But that's no Matter, Absolution
 Will purge the Soul from all Pollution.
 Then they renew the self-same Trick,
 And run again with Heav'n on Tick,
 'Till the good Father, for the Pence,
 Pardons the Sin, remits th'Offence.
 If Pardons can be bought and sold,
 Who would be Virtuous that has Gold?

Twelve Months had pass'd e're he began
 Th'unwary Virgin to trepan;
 But think not he was continent,
 Or during the whole Year *kept Lent*.
 Of *Wantons* he had half a dozen,
 Whom he religiously did couzen;
 To him Adult'ry, Fornication,
 Were nothing more than Recreation.

But half a dozen were too few,
 And now he wanted something new,
 A Virgin Pullet, plump and white,
 To please his carnal Appetite.

Polly, who had been sick some Days,
 Recov'ring Strength, and now at ease,
 And being piously intent,
 To take the *holy Sacrament*,
 To *Girard* goes, in hopes Confession
 Would wipe away each small Transgression.
 She found him sitting in a Chair,
 Then drawing nigh with modest Fear,
 He soon perceiv'd the lovely Maid,
 Whom thus he gently did upbraid :

' My Child, it grieves me much to find,
 ' You have of late been so unkind :
 ' Say, what could make you not to send,
 ' For your good Father, and your Friend ?
 ' Tell me, my charming, pretty Miss,
 ' What have I done to merit this ?

Then did he squeeze her Lilly Hand,
 Which put them both unto a stand.

Perceiving she made no Reply,
 By artful Ways, and Wiles most sly,
 He hop'd to gain the *bashful Fair*,
 And drew her nearer to the Chair.

' For

' For you, *said he*, Heav'n has in store
 ' Ten thousand Blessings, but much more
 ' Than what already you have done,
 ' (And yet I own you've well begun,)
 ' Is still requir'd, to Heav'n then yield,
 ' For Heaven's your Comfort and your Shield,
 ' Will you not yield yourself to me?
 ' Yes, yes, you will, my Devotee.
 Then sticking close unto the Text,
 He fairly *tipt the Velvet* next;
 And straight the warm salival Juice,
 Did wonderful Effects produce.
 Her Pulse beats high, her Blood's inflam'd,
 Symptoms so plain her Love proclaim'd;
 But not content with Indication,
 She comes to downright Declaration.

' What have you done, *said she*, I find
 ' A strange Disorder in my Mind,
 ' My flutt'ring Heart no longer mine,
 ' To you I freely do resign;
 ' As you are Master of the Field,
 ' To you my Person I must yield.
 These Words, as *Hybla's* Honey, sweet,
 Did with a kind Reception meet,
 Caus'd an Emotion in the Lecher,
 No longer now her pious Teacher;

Then

Then led her to a Place they call
 The *Jesuit's Confessional*.
 Here he his Talent did display,
 And let no Minute pass away,
 In which he failed not to improve
 The poor misguided Zealot's Love.
 Her Folly, lest she might repent,
 And become truly penitent,
 There was no Sin, he did assure her,
 In that, to which he did allure her.

Content with this, her Mind's at rest,
 She locks the Secret in her Breast.

My Child, *said he*, observe me well,
 And mark what now I do foretell ;
 Visions thou surely shalt see many,
 But yet be not dismay'd at any,
 And give me daily an Account
 If you those Visions can surmount,
 And what Effect they do produce,
 That I may solve what seems abstruse.

Polly, with Joy replete, withdraws
 And spreads the *Father's* great Applause,
 Dubs him a Prophet and a Saint,
 With brightest Eloquence does paint
 (To all she knows) his Virtuous Fame,
 His pious Acts, and holy Name.

But

But now, to cast her into Trances,
 And fill her Mind with various Fancies,
 By Magick Art he calls from *Hell*,
 The chiefeſt Fiend that there does dwell;
 Who wings it thro' the yielding Air,
 And ſtraight before him does appear.

Satan, ſaid he, Infernal King,
 Griſt to your Mill I often bring,
 And ſince much more I do intend
 For thee my faithful, ſooty Friend,
 As quick as Light'ning now repair
 To my beloved, young *Cadiere* ;
 Delude her Senſes, and her Mind
 Poſſeſs with Thoughts of various Kind.

Quoth *Satan*, pleas'd with this Advice,
 I'll take Poſſeſſion in a trice.

C A N T O II.

Inchanted into Fits and Trances,
Polly ten thousand Visions fancies ;
With aching Heart ſhe does relate
To Girard, her unhappy State ;
By whoſe Perſwaſion, filly Elf,
She to the Devil ſells herſelf.
The Father Rector draws th'Indentures,
She Signs and Seals——and Satan enters.

N O W

NOW *Girard's* faithful, trusty 'Squire,
 Prepares t'accomplish his Desire;
 Unseen before *Cadiere* he dances,
 And casts her into Fits and Trances:
 Then like some conj'ring Politician,
 Makes her believe she's seen a Vision.
 Many indeed she does relate
 That happen'd in her wretched State;
 But one amongst the rest does shew,
Satan can *Jesuits* outdo.

A Scene he draws before her Eyes,
 Full of Amazement and Surprize;
 Then with a *Presto, Pass, Be gone,*
 A bright angelick Form puts on.
 This done, the Heavens are open laid,
 And all their Glories there display'd;
 With seven great Seals before her lies
 A Book of large and monstrous Size,
 This Book, as well the Damsel wist,
 Was brought by *John* th' *Evangelist*.
 Plain as a Pike-staff there he wrote,
 (As she at that same time did note,)
 With Goose-quill Pen, and shining Ink,
 In Letters large, as she does think,
John-Baptist, Mary-Catherine;
 Then to the holy, sacred Shrine

The

The Book was carried, whence a Voice
 Did ease her Mind, her Heart rejoyce,
 Saying, whatever's written here
 Shall be unchangeable, I swear.

When *Girard* next a Visit paid,
 Which truly was too often made,
Polly, with Face more red than pale,
 Gave him a circumstantial Tale
 Of what had pass'd, and said moreover
 She own'd herself to be his Lover ;
 For the bare mention of his Name
 Wou'd her poor trembling Heart inflame.
 If this his Name alone cou'd do,
 More from his Person must ensue.

Tell me, *said she*, my dear *Director*,
 Guide of my Conscience, and Protector,
 Whence comes this Thing to me so new,
 This Passion, which I have for you ?
 Say, can the Love of Heaven do this ?
 Does Heaven produce for me such Bliss ?
 To this the subtil *Fox* reply'd,
 As now you are, so still abide,
 Nor in the least uneasy be
 At what is gracious Heaven's Decree.
 Heaven has ordain'd you to be mine,
 And the same Heaven has made me thine.

C

Soul

Soul of my Soul, thy Image here
 In my fond Bosom do I bear,
 Then cherish daily and improve
 Your Passion for me and your Love ;
 For these are Heaven's Commands, *he said,*
 And Heaven, you know, must be obey'd.

Now grown incapable of Pray'r,
 It fills her Mind with Doubts and Fear ;
 And therefore to obtain Relief,
 And ease her from oppressive Grief,
 She goes again, her Case she moans
 With heavy Sighs and bitter Groans.

Quoth he, what Whims disturb thy Head ?
 What Maggots now are therein bred ?
 I needs must own that Pray'r is good
 For such as are *meer* Flesh and Blood,
 Because it leads 'em unto Heaven,
 It planes the Way and makes it even ;
 But surely they, who once come there,
 No longer stand in need of Prayer,
 And you and I, do by the Spirit
 That glorious Mansion now inherit.
 Then be not led, since this the Case is,
 Astray by idle *Wild-Goose Chaces*.

But listen, Child, to what I say,
 'Twill turn your Mind another way.

On

On such a Day, my lovely Fair,
 Thou shalt be carried thro' the Air;
 I caution you be not afraid,
 Or, at the sudden Change, dismay'd;
 Present I'll be, and there attend
 To see you gloriously ascend.

But e're the Day prefix'd could come,
Polly must undergo her Doom;
Satan, to please the Father *Rector*,
 Began to strut, to bounce and hector.
 Again he does appear before her,
 As if with Visions he would store her;
 Shews her a Soul in Mortal Sin,
 With ghastly Phiz, and horrid Grin;
 Tells her, it ne'er can be at rest,
 Except she yields to be possess'd;
 Then at the End of one short Year,
 He'll take his leave, and disappear.

Polly at this was much perplex'd,
 And when she went to *Girard* next,
 She told him all that she had seen,
 What heaps of Troubles she was in.
 Come, come, *said he*, you little Elf,
 Heav'n says you must resign yourself;
 What matters one Year's Misery
 To save a Soul, and set it free?

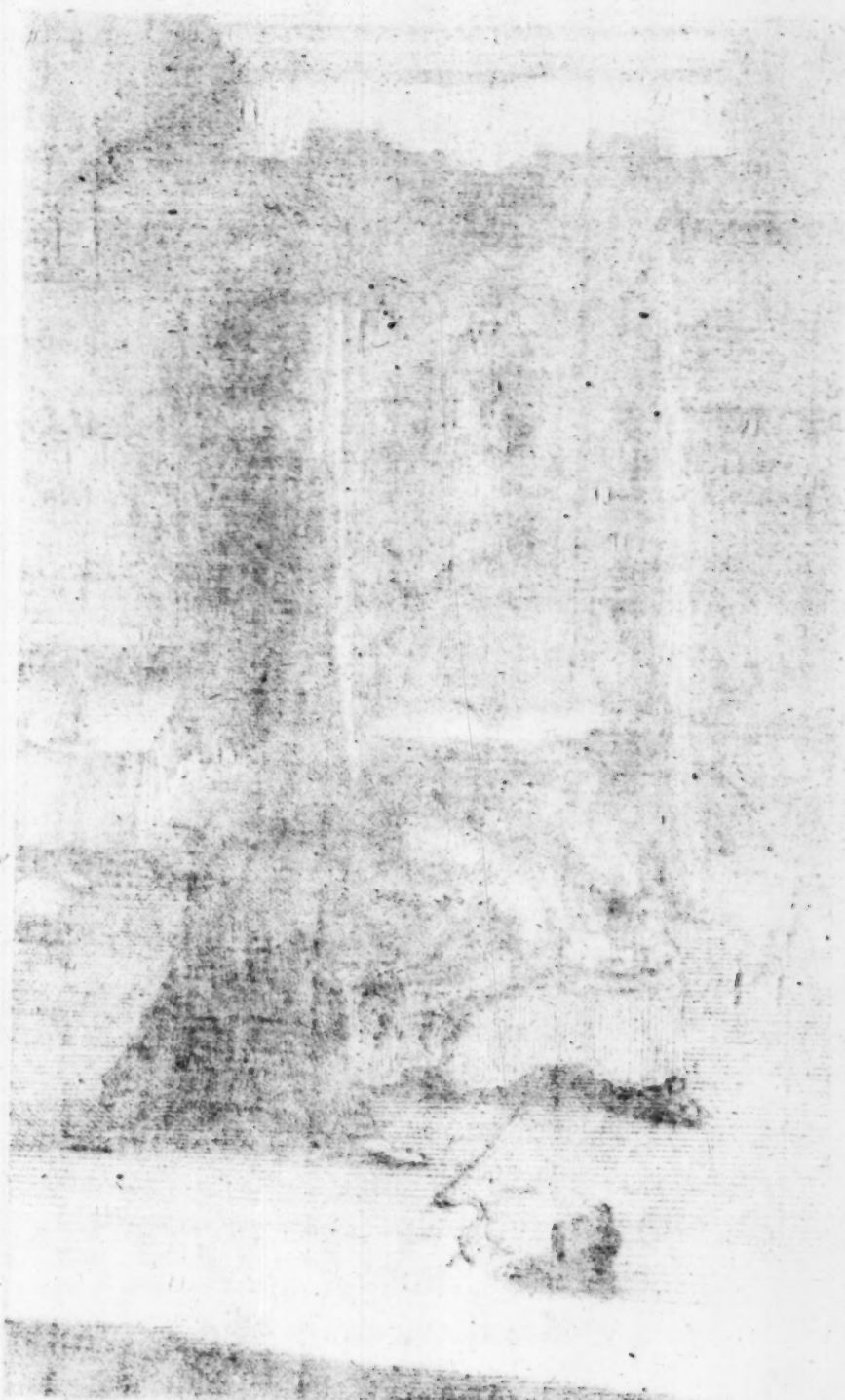
And now, in order to compleat it,
 I'll draw the Form, do you repeat it.

KNOW ALL MEN present, far and near,
 I, *Mary-Catherine Cadiere*,
 Tho' neither Lady, Countess, Dutches,
 To take a Soul from *Satan's* Clutches,
 Do yield myself to be possess'd
 And lodge the *Fiend* within my Breast.
Provided always ne'ertheless,
 As Words hereafter do express,
Viz. When one Year shall roll about,
 He from the *Premisses* goes out ;
 And leaves the same in as good plight,
 As good Condition to the Sight,
 As they at that same time had been
 When the said *Satan* enter'd in,
 Except all Wear and Use in Reason
 According to the Time and Season.
In Witness now that this is Truth,
 I bite the black Wax with my * Tooth.

* This alludes to the Custom among our Forefathers, before
 Coat of Arms or Seals were used. Thus an Estate in
 Cheshire was convey'd and pass'd away by Virtue of these
 Lines, viz.

*While Grass is green, and Coney rough,
 I give my Land to John of Clough ;
 In Witness now that this is sooth,
 I bite the Wax with my Wang-Tooth.*

CANTO



[Faint, illegible text, possibly a caption or description, located below the illustration.]



Smith invt

*See the fair Penitent Submissive bow! & King says.
While pious Discipline the Priest bestows,
Duty and Love by Turns his Bosom sway.
While that his hands and this his Lips obey
Which most prevail — You'll from the Picture guess
The stroke how gentle? — But how fierce the Kels.*

C A N T O III.

*The goatish Girard, Satan's Imp,
 Uses Religion, as a Pimp;
 Under a Mask of holy Grace,
 Allures Cadiere to his embrace;
 Kisses each Part about her gratis,
 And often Firks her Nunquam satis.
 But cloy'd at length, poor Polly sighs
 The Plot discovers, he's indicted:
 Abortion, Sp'ritual Fornication,
 Inchantment, Incest, Subornation,
 Are plainly prov'd, cum aliis multis,
 But for each Sore he has a Pultice.
 Justice, by tempting Gold's outwitted,
 And Girard of his Crimes acquitted.*

TH E Morning Sun, in bright aray,
 Refulgent shines, and gilds the Day,
 With aching Heart, poor Miss Cadiere,
 Prepares to breath superior Air.

*Girard, who knew that his Prediction
 Would prove a Tale, a meer Fiction,
 Enters the Room, and locks the Door,
 As he had often done before;
 And having spent an Hour caressing
 His pretty Miss, gives her his Blessing.
 Then rising suddenly, he cry'd,
 My Child, thou art beatify'd;*

Now,

Now, now, *said he*, you mount the *Air*;
 But *Polly* held fast by the Chair,
 Not willing yet to leave the World,
 And unto Heaven knows where be hurl'd.
 At this the cunning Father *Rector*,
 Pretends with angry Looks to hector;
 Quoth he, obey the Spirit, fly,
 Let him *enjoy* and *occupy*,
 For you receiv'd him as your Guest,
 If you refuse, you'll ne'er be bless'd.
 But she, poor Soul! grown obstinate,
 Wou'd not submit to be his Mate;
 At which the *Father*, in 'a Rage,
 With Looks most surly, left the Stage.

Soon after came a * *Joyner's Wife*,
 To put an End to all the Strife;
 Handsome she was as Beauty's Queen,
 With *Air* majestick, portly *Mein*.
Girard had view'd her round about,
 As well her *Inside* as the *Out*:
 So strict is his Examination,
 No *Part* escap'd his Penetration.
 This buxom Wife, to him devoted
 For Reasons that must not be quoted,

* Mrs. La Guiol.

Since they are better to be guess'd,
 Than in plain *English* Terms express'd,
 Began to catechize poor *Polly*,
 And reprehend her for her Folly.
 Then one Thing she insisted hard on,
 To ask the ghostly Father's Pardon.
 The Plot grows ripe—this Penitent
 Sighs, weeps, and to Confession went;
 Then *Girard*, looking very gruff,
 Spoke to her thus in Language rough.

Mortal, against the Light within
 Thou hast committed heinous Sin;
 But I'll admit you to Confession,
 And to atone for your Transgression,
 Enjoin a Penance adequate
 To your Offence, so monstrous great.

He came next Morning, lock'd the Door,
 A thing not new, you heard before;
 Then causing her to kneel before him,
 As if he meant she should adore him,
 And holding in his Hand a Lash,
 He thus pour'd forth his impious Trash.

That you shou'd now be naked stripp'd,
 And every Part about you whipp'd,
 Is what Heaven's Justice does require
 To satisfy its blazing Ire.

The

The World shou'd witness *all your Shame,*
 But gracious Heaven consents the *same*
 Shall by your *Confessor* alone
 Be seen, except these Walls of Stone,
 Which are incapable of Speech,
 And can't tell Stories of your Breech.
 But Heaven demands that first you swear
 By holy *Peter's* holy Chair,
 This Mystery, so very deep,
 As a great Secret you will keep;
 For it would ruin me, if known,
 My dearest Girl, to any one.

Polly, on pious Thoughts was bent,
 And far from guessing his Intent,
 She swore it ne'er shou'd be reveal'd,
 Since he wou'd have it lie conceal'd.

Go then, my dearest Child, he said,
 And lay yourself upon the Bed,
 Under your Elbows Pillows place,
 And bear the Discipline of Grace:
 But that she might not mind his Tricks,
 Regard, said he, this Crucifix.

Now with impetuous Lust grown bolder,
 He flings her Cloaths up to her Shoulder;
 Three tender Lashes then he gave,
 Which she did willingly receive.

This

This done, he rubs her Back, her Bum
 He kiss'd, and eke her *Modicum*,
 Out of five Senses twice two lie
 Regaled with wond'rous Lechery.
 But had *Miss Polly* been so kind
 To send her Thunder from behind,
 While he was playing at *Bo-peep*,
 Or else perhaps at *Creep Mouse, creep*,
 Tho' it might make him start and stare,
 Each Sense would then have had a share.

When *Polly* got from off the Bed,
 The goatish Confessor thus said;
 Creature Divine! of bless'd Descent!
 I see Heaven is not yet content;
 Naked you must be stripp'd, and stand
 Before me, this is Heaven's command.

Alarm'd at such a strange Injunction,
 From one of his most holy Function,
 Her Sense is lost, she faints away,
 And seems a lifeless Piece of Clay;
 But to herself again she came,
 And he soon conquer'd all her *Shame*;
 Nor could he truly see much more
 Than what his Eyes beheld before.
 Stark naked stripp'd he lays her down,
 And now his eager Hopes to crown

D

He

He mounts the Saddle, rides *Tantivee*,
 Ticklings those Parts that are most privy.
 He feel'd, he look'd, good Folks, what then?
 Why then he look'd and feel'd again :
 At last Miss *Polly*, upon searching,
 Found that he understood *Clear-starching*.

Thus every Day, for three Months space,
 This pious, holy *Babe of Grace*,
 Renew'd his Sport, play'd with *that Same*,
 And yet he could not quench his Flame.

Polly begins to loath her Meat,
 Repents her Folly, but too late ;
 Her *Morning Pukes*, and *Qualms of Conscience*
 To *Girard* tells, who calls it Nonsense ;
 And says (a thing not very Civil)
 They were occasion'd by the *Devil*.
 However, he wou'd soon appease her,
 And bring her something that shou'd Ease her.

Her Mother, finding she was sick,
 But not suspecting *Girard's* trick,
 Said, that a Doctor shou'd be call'd,
 Which *Girard* quickly over-hawl'd.
What ! Am not I the best Physician
For one who is in her Condition ?
Lay-Doctors by their Mala Praxis
Kill more than Halters, Swords or Axes.

Full

Full well you know indulgent Heaven
 To me sufficient Power has given,
 Whereby with ease I can controul
 The scorching Fever of the Soul :
 From whence this Doctrine I advance,
 That he who leads the Soul a Dance,
 Can at his Pleasure surely ride,
 And as he lists, the Body guide.

Then calling for a Cup of Water,
 To give, he said, his dearest Daughter,
 This Murderer, this vile Impostor,
 Began with mutt'ring *Pater Noster* ;
 A reddish Powder then put in
 As if *Abortion* were no Sin.
 Poor Polly! this the Villain gave her,
 Call'd it a *Cordial* to deceive her :
 The Dose for eight Days was not vary'd,
 And then the *Penitent* miscarry'd.
 The Pot was fill'd with what is common
 On such Occasions unto Woman ;
 Which he with curious Eyes survey'd ;
 Then Polly calling up her Maid,
 Bade her to cast it all away,
 Which Girard hearing, made him say,
Imprudent! Oh, imprudent Creature!
Rebellious grown to Heaven and Nature!

Expose the Secret to your Maid!
By you we both are now betray'd.
Remember what you swore, and dread
Th' impending Vengeance o'er your Head.

But least his amorous Affair
 Might by some *Accident* take Air,
 He wheedles his *Fair Penitent*,
 And gains her Mother's free Consent;
 Paving the Way for *Polly*, she
 Was sent into a Nunnery:
 To *Olioules* she did repair,
 And joyn'd the Sisters of *St. Clare*.

Having obtain'd from Lady *Abbess*,
 (For he at coaxing a meer Dab is)
 Permission that whate'er he wrote
 To *Miss*, or she to him, might not
 Be open'd, read, or seen by any.
 This one Epistle, fav'd from many,
 Will prove the *Wolf* in his Sheep's cloathing,
 And give Mankind of Priests a loathing.

See here, my Child, your Mind to ease,
 A third Epistle in three Days;
 Thy Image, lovely Sacrifice!
 Is always present to my Eyes.

With others tho' I ACT and speak,
 Wrapt up in Thee, my Nerves are weak:

Forget

Forget yourself, and suffer all things
 Except the great, but yield to small things.
 What, tho' the Bishop keep: a Pather,
 Yet we must still see one another;
 And this, my Dear, is for our ease,
 Therefore regard not what he says.
 You may expect a Visit one Day
 From Father Sabatier, on Monday
 Perhaps it may be, the Grand Vicar
 Will likewise come, beware of Liquor,
 For that may Secrets soon reveal,
 Which you should carefully conceal.
 But if it should their Noddles enter
 To ask you Questions at a Venture;
 Or should be fond of Seeing—Doing ---
 You understand Priests Art of Woing;
 If they are eager for the Fact,
 Say, you're forbid to Speak or Act.

Obey me, as my little Daughter,
 Be careful none do watch your Water;
 Oh! how I burn with raging Fire,
 And my Soul's parch'd with strong Design!
 You I must quickly see, Cadriere;
 See every thing, my lovely Fair.
 Nothing I ask but what's my own,
 Therefore all Secrets must be known:

But\

But I shall tire you ; if I do,
 I have been often tir'd by you ;
 And 'tis but Reason we shou'd share
 In every thing we have, my Dear.

Oft to the Convent Girard went,
 To see his lovely Penitent ;
 At last Admission he obtain'd
 And three long Hours with her remain'd ;
 Doubtless the Lovers were well pleas'd,
 For both were tir'd, and both were eas'd.
 So long a Visit gave Suspicion,
 Which fill'd the Abbess with Contrition ;
 And she resolv'd thenceforth that he
 Should not come near his Devotee ;
 Nor nearer come than to the Grate,
 Thus was she wisely obstinate.

By this Restraint he weary grows,
 And soon a cold Indiff'rence shows.
 Polly, who saw herself abused,
 And in such flighted Manner used,
 To five young * Nuns relates her Tale,
 And every Secret does reveal.
 Had they, who look'd not so demurely,
 Said, there could be no harm in't surely ;

* Mrs. La Reboul, La Laugier, Le Allemande, Anne Batterelle, La Gravie.

*Advised her not to be so cross,
 For they had tasted the like Sauce.
 Lascivious Girard: fully bent,
 Far off to send his Penitent ;
 Said, She had * Example there,
 And therefore should do good elsewhere.*

This foolish Declaration soon
 Flew to the Bishop of Toulon ;
 Who did Miss Polly so much Honour
 At first to write, then wait upon her.
 And not to mind her late Director,
 Tho' he pretended to protect her ;
 And not to go away, much less
 To him henceforward to confess.

Polly at this was struck with Horror,
 But sending soon his † Chaplain to her,
 And that she might not be obstructed,
 To *la Bastille* was safe conducted.

The Bishop went to see *Cadiere*,
 O'erwhelm'd she was with Doubts and Fear ;
 And on a strict Examination,
 Not mindful of her Reputation,
 She to his Lordship did unfold
 Each Circumstance, already told.

* In the Convent of St. Clare at Olioules.

† The Abbe Camerle.

Amazed

Amazed awhile, the Bishop stood,
 And seem'd a Statue made of Wood;
 But fired with holy Rage at last,
 To think what Crimes unpunish'd pass'd ;
 He said, he'd drive that *Wolf* away,
 Who *tender Lambs* had made his Prey.

But now, to hasten the Conclusion,
 The Bishop order'd Prosecution ;
 'Gainst *Girard*, Process does commence
 For each particular * *Offence*.

But tho' each *Crime* was fully proved,
 Yet still it seems that it behoved
 The whole *Society* to join,
 And save a *Brother* by their Coin ;
 A Brother-Villain, in degree
 Of Crimes not one so great as he.
 Ten hundred thousand *Livres* spent,
 Sav'd him from condign Punishment.
 And now this Matter to decide,
 NOT GUILTY Twelve *brib'd* Judges cry'd,
 Guilty the *righteous* Twelve reply'd.

* Quietism, Incantation, Sorcery, Spiritual Fornication,
 Procurement of Abortion, and Subornation of Perjury.

F I N I S.



